

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

have recently visited the virgin
glaciers and
dwelt among the untrodden
Himalayan peaks
have told us that the calm of their
unutterable
stillness is beyond all words. That Is
why
Mahadeva, having accomplished his
work in
the burning grounds, is shown to us
among
the snows.

The snows are not perpetual to
one who
loves them, for they are ever-
changing. In
the morning they look like a bride,
radiant
and sparkling with diamonds in the
sunlight,
in the afternoon glow of the setting
sun like a
woman blushing in the first flush of
her happiness, later In the twilight like the
wan ghosts
of a dead love, standing out dim,
silent, and
wraith-like from the mauve, floating
clouds of
vain regret. But always sublime,
always lofty,
always soaring above the sordid earth
of every-
day life. They are only eternal in
their rest,
in the soft white bosoms, which, if
one could
only reach them, seem to promise
repose to
the most weary head.

Sometimes one gets a sensation
difficult to
define, a transient touch of that

unknown
elusive bliss we cannot grasp, lying in
the just
beyond, which, when we for a
moment sense
it, catches the breath. It comes
at such

88

instants